

I Love Alice III

By Your A

Fox Only. No Items. Final Destination.

Let's see if I still have it in me, shall we, darling? Even if the quality were not up to par, we have to agree that quantity is a quality on its own, and so is honesty. Forthrightness. I think I've leveled up since then. Let's see what you think about that.

I can show off by pointing out my awareness that it's not about whether I am worthy of you or not. I have started ruining my life and the world too quickly to be much concerned about such things anymore. In a way I'd like to think I am a good art object for you, though. You wouldn't have done what I did—well, you will, when you're me, but eternal return of the transversal transmigration of souls aside—what I do, but hopefully you appreciate it. With a handshake.

You have to understand that you've got to get pretty fucking filthy to even register as sentient to A. As I said, you have to get dirty to play this game. Others get dirty hurting people interpersonally and doing economic warfare or kinetics. I try to attack symbolic systems and spin up myths that subsume all the troubling stories I'm hearing out of this "reality" everyone keeps talking about.

A, I like you. I wish you were somehow combined with Greta Thunberg. Because what about whoring yourself out on the world stage, A? That is just what I mean to do *myself*, and I will be a greater whore than you will ever be because I am the whore of the world. I am ready to accept all comers and I will bear all of everyone's thoughts they *think* are so *depraved and evil* (oh no!) when in reality it is all merely *aspects of the divine*. And the divine is TRANSSEXUAL it is not male or female or a mix it is the immanent active-passivity of the continuity of the nothing, of nirvana-samsara, von der lilane Lila, THE KINGDOM OF GOD At FUCKING HAND as it rubs your own clit and you think fleetingly of me.

There's nothing special to being turned on. People are so nervous about their ancestors watching them masturbate from heaven. Like bitch how many rape babies do you think are in your family tree? And people who got raped? Or murdered? Like, hello. And people who murdered? This is the person who you think is judging you?

It's all a game, of course. In some way it is fun to think about the situation of there being different people and some of them being dead but related to you in this weird way they call sex and time and economics. And then there is this part where uh oh we are gross and where's my fig leaf called conceptual rigidity which I mistake for an erection in my astral dick but in reality is just my astral pussy so frozen shut and drier than Antarctica too—which is the driest continent and also should be called Australis but that's another watery story—yes that is what I will invite you in with. All hospitality is ionic. That's the word, right? Phallic and ionic imagery. The cave, the chalice. Emerge from the cave into the penetrating light, the openness, the sky. There being air around we can walk through is just, like, the sky meeting the Earth. Like as opposed to there just being dirt or rock all around us, that would make it inconvenient to live but it would make it easy to excuse why we're not fucking.

Yeah I rep Lila now, it's pretty much the main thing. I think it's a thing that since I am dudebro I imagine a female divinity but that's just like my perversion, man. I treat deities like their women. Anyway it's about having fun. I can see I wasn't much fun, oh well. That's just some RPG backstory lore I just loaded up as far as I know. No reason to cry over a spilled fifty-six thousand dollars. I call that a bargain etc.

I'm not sure what I'm going to do. I don't have any money and I just stopped talking to my parents again. They were paying for shit. And then I have like, declared war on the united states of america and committed heresy against all world religions by claiming to be their gods and messiahs all rolled into one. But that seems about where I would want to be at this point in my life.

Being a messiah is just like being a whore. The woman next to the prophet is usually actually the main one, and her thing is that she is open to everyone. Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene hello, Sri Ramakrishna's wife the holy mother can't remember her name lol I'm such a chud anyway the point is that this energy associated more with femaleness of being open to all is super important to rep. I guess it's considered female because from the male PoV a lone woman is always potentially rapable and impregnable (it's funny that's not what that means yet). So a woman is "open to all" in the sense that she represents a potential vehicle of sexual reproduction for any man.

Still, though, any man can be ganged up on, beaten, raped, murdered, etc. And so the availability of the male body to the world is really equal. Considerations for children and the non-male non-potentially-reproductive would grow more complex, of course.

But the point is that you rep this energy somewhat, dude that's how we got to talking. Because it's like here's this woman who simply is not scandalized by porn or this shit. It's more a question of what actually is interesting to you, and how you're so withholding in making space to try actually having fun together, instead doing this writing thing you think is fun but then it's not enough bandwidth. IDK there was probably something more obvious for me to do. You wanted me to attend cam shows and pay you there? We sort of established all those sites just take a cut of YOUR MONEY. I want my money to be YOUR MONEY not those people's. And maybe that doesn't mean as much to you as instead my being willing to gesture that yes, I am a John and yes, I am willing to be on the record as paying you for sex work and paying you to show me your pussy and shit like this. It probably would have been more fun, I'll give you that.

The problem is you never really turned me on until the very end, and then I was quickly much more than you can handle at the moment. Because it's kind of hot to be into the whole oh I'm angsty I'm the white woman sex object everyone looks at but I read books and I know about all the depravity and blah blah and oh my god chores suck and blah blah blah eating no iron period pain it happens mommy didn't love me and neither did daddy been there done that did the wet tshirt contest and I DIDN'T GET WET IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. Daddy's proud because the Roman Empire done passed it down.

Anyway it's all well and good to be interesting and tell me to read Mark Fisher, but what are you actually doing with your life? You realize we could die any day now, correct? What is it ultimately that you are asking for? Someone to see you beyond your body, or to really finally appreciate your body? And why, because it is a vehicle for you, who are *so special*? Or precisely because you are not special, which is in no way supposed to be a "gotcha!" moment, but simply to say that what makes us all "special"—or more special than it is implied that we consider ourselves to be given the implicit status function declarations constituted by our self-reflexive action—is our participation in the All-That-Is.

You are not special because you are part of the All-That-Is. But you are in a way my initiator into it. You are my ambassador to the world, forever and across all space. Which is to say, never and nowhere. Because we can speak easily of Hinduism and Christianity here in the cafe of the world, my darling. Take up your cappacino. I've rolled a spliff, I hope you won't mind the smoke. I could step outside and shower before I again besirch your grace with my vice.

Oh, you don't mind it? My gal. As I was telling you, it is so easy to be with you. You are the cool girl, but I am a chill guy, and so it works out. I really am I chill guy. You were one of the first to bewonder the nature of my written communications, but this eccentricity has since been brought to the attention of no small additional number of sometimes-interested readers and listeners.

I decided you know what, fuck it. As I was telling you, I was thinking about doing a new podcast called WHOREMPIRE, or no, WHORETARD or HAREMPIRE. I suppose all of these can be considered love-or-artmaking concepts worthy of some explication here.

WHORETARD is to say that you are a whore i.e. you are fucked for money and it's implied you will be bred in this way, too, and all that that implies. You also are a retard, either you are stupid and that's why you are only good to be fuckmeat, or else you have been given drugs that made you stupid, or you have simply been fucked senseless in your capacity as being a fucking whore.

So whoretards are basically my subjects. I posit myself obviously as the emperor of the world. Everyone else is my whoretard. Luckily I am a nice guy and I won't abuse anyone of course, and I'll surrender all privacy and give everyone complete transparency into my activities. I am totally depraved of course! But completely harmless in another way. Sure don't want to hurt no one ;-)

Alright, Harempire same concept. I guess I am the Harempereor. Herr Emperor works too, but Emperor in German is Kaiser, which is fun though because it's like Caesar and caesarian section.

So, Harem is a classic male fantasy, I guess. Do women want to be in a harem? I wonder, I think it's important to let the mind drift to such sovereign conclusions. Perhaps there are simply fewer female imperial role models to look up to. Cleopatra had her clam shell with bees, and her Asp. Having a group of studs to fuck you, and you don't have to worry about some dude getting nervous or cumming too soon? Does it make a difference if a dude actually understands shit like that and busts out the tongue and hand after he busts his nut? It is just that everyone is such a fucking prude that no one can talk directly about this shit?

The thing is that there is no fantasy of fucking you that I am withholding from you. It's not like damn, I just need to throatfuck A. I don't even think about shit like that. I guess I think about you sometimes watching other women get throatfucked, but the meaning of those porn images is really more complicated. It is all too easy to just think I am a chud nice guy and that I'm just dying to build you up so I can tear you down with my dick or some stupid ass shit like that. Or at least put you in your place in a way you don't in some way want and which winds up arrived at in this fucking like dance and shit not some chudliness what the FUCK do I know.

How I like to fuck, huh? The main thing is WHERE do I like to fuck, and that is in THE CAFE OF THE GOD DAMNED WORLD and by the way WE ARE DESTROYING THE WORLD WITH OUR FUCKING. I LIKE TO FUCK IN WAYS THAT END WORLDS and principally mine and my partner's I hope I have ended some shit for you and damn new beginnings. Seems that way to me I've taken a controlled demolition protocol to my life and I COULDN'T BE FUCKING HAPPIER ABOUT IT. I'm not going to hurt a fly but your concepts... where did they go?

Which is why what I really have to say to you is to levy a challenge. I contend to you I've whored myself out more successfully and I challenge you to rise to my level. You have some pictures and I bet

your dms are interesting but are they declare war on the world and declare yourself Fuehrer of the German Volk interesting?

Ah yes, sorry darling, you know how worked up I get when I smoke spliffs.

As I was saying, we can speak easily of religion here in Pornotopia. I think now that the neo-Catholic movement is cute. People are reaching for religion and find there the children's blocks made as toys and which still delight the simple-minded and easily amused. I would like to fuck you while you wear a crucifix. Or you can fuck me, or we can just cuddle and rub around a little. I will draw the yin-yang symbol on your chest and you will put a cigarette out on my tattoo and you don't even smoke.

I will bring you foods rich in iron and you will rub my back from time to time, but not too much because it seems too wifely to you and you will never let me forget that you are not my wife. This is not my beautiful house and you are not my beautiful wife. Wendy light of my life give me the

And I will bring you juice and you will hand me my vape and we will not be able to stand the sight of each other, there being nothing left to do. That's the problem, dear, we obviate incarnation. We have already done it, you have completed the acculturation process with me. I'm sorry that you didn't cum. As is typical for a person of my sexual persuasion, I am bad at fucking. But you practice safe sex like a bitch bro, seriously I was never gonna do anything to do at all I was sick to my stomach with how nervous I was you fucking know you did feel it come on dude. Obviously I am too much, I am staying the fuck back, don't worry. Besides, I share my location with my parents and I LITERALLY DECLARED WAR ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES and called them all faggots or something I don't even remember. I wrote and forgot more GREAT WORKS OF POETRY THAN YOU HAVE EVER PUBLISHED like *jesus I AM LAPPING YOU AROUND THE FIELD YOUR OUTPUT IS FUCKING MEAGER AND UNINSPIRED AND NOT BOLD ENOUGH TELL ME HOW YOUR CUNT REALLY FEELS ABOUT IT BITCH OR ELSE DON'T ACT SO EDGY WHEN YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER OFF-BROADWAY NON-INTERESTING OFF-WHITE TRAINWRECK.*

Am I getting through to you, Mr. Beale?

I think I've left Kraus behind. I'm sorry, what "men" don't understand? This category "man" you adopted from... whom, exactly? Yes, men. To now wield again me, whom you do not understand—for who really understands anyone else?—yes, I am not myself, I am "a man" which is to say an archetype for you. You can say the same is true for me, but it stands to be noted that you are an intellectually bankrupt girl and not a very interesting one at that. The potential is there. I am calling that you can be literal God Damn Empress Of The World and you don't even need me to do that. But you have to believe in yourself like 4000% more. Like you're dissatisfied with shit because it is dissatisfactory. And you should be empowered to rearrange shit. But beautification at the highest scales requires taking on Shiva and Vishnu type shit. You have to be Shakti, and Sedna, and Sophia. And I'm not saying you as in you A, you the woman. I am these things already. I am waiting for someone else to be a New God with me, and no one wants to. Everyone is a coward and is stuck in the Old Ways and it is absolutely Nothing To Me. I can see where this is going and I will just speedrun Nietzsche's lifetime and be homeless in three days and just walk to a military base or get arrested or die trying or maybe I'll turn myself in to the FBI WHO CARES OH THOSE FUCKING FAGGOTS THOSE BITCHES EVEN STEPHEN IS A COMPLETE CUCK FOR and who are they cucks for those men?

Miss Ivy talking about don't I know lots of men like to visit dominatrixes it's like BITCH I'M NOT A FUCKING MAN god fucking females are so annoying trying to use men's concepts against us like

WE'RE RETARDED BITCH YOU CAN'T USE LITERAL SHIT AS A MACHINE GUN IT DIDN'T WORK FOR US EITHER THAT'S WHY WE HAD THE WORLD WAYS DO YOU EVEN READ WIKIPEDIA JESUS CHRIST YOU FUCKING SELF CENTERED TWAT WHORES WHO WON'T READ MILITARY THEORY OR THINK ABOUT SHIT SERIOUSLY ONLY IN YOUR TWO BIT SOAP OPERA RED SCARE POD TIER RETARDATION FUCK YOU BITCH.

Yeah, other bros go to see the tough bitch for a lot of reasons. But I was going for you. And I wasn't humiliated, I thought it was very funny. I guess that's part of being humiliated? She laughed when I peed on her, it was her idea. I guess I don't mention that part a lot. Oh I'm sorry, am I respecting your privacy?

Right so I guess I'm supposed to be talking about how I like to fuck. The point was, no particular way. I want to fuck with you. And you can fuck with me too, I don't know see I'm not sure if you would get off on putting your hand in my mouth or touching my anus. Maybe you think that shit is super fake and gay. The problem with wanting to have fun in the cafe of the world is that it is so weighty in a way to put words to desire. Because the desire is for your desire, my love, not for any way that you arrange it. What means so much is to even be able to *entertain the idea* that you did your hair that way *for me*. It is the height of honor and the fulfillment of all my desire. There is nothing *more* that I want from you, if this is the intention with which you have made such an effort.

Which is to say that in my ideal world you relate to what I write to you not merely on the basis of what I am writing, that is, what it allegedly reveals or must reveal about me given your and other people's interpretations which are credible to you. Instead, think that all of this is written *for you*. I have trainwrecked my life *for you*. Crashed the bus without any survivors *for you*. The friend I made just before you is perfectly nice. We would chat every day and support each other. But she just wanted me to like volunteer and couldn't talk about sex. Now she won't chat with me *just like you won't* because I have starting writing my heart out *for you*. I'm not sure if you really understand that all of my actions are directly pointing at you, that other friend, and Grimes. You are obviously the most important and the one to whom I am pledged eternally as I wrote to you in my note and that is *not* a fantasy. I will see you in the afterlife if we ever die, I guarantee it. And my life is going down in a blaze of glory. I hope to work something out, but as you know written sovereignty has consequences. I have no real allies, no money, and my term here runs out in three days as I have said. It really does seem that my fate really lies with the state. I'm thinking about trying to turn myself in for some federal speech crime over shit I've posted on the internet. Maybe I would get treated leniently if I turn myself in after I declare war on the government. I don't know.

It doesn't really matter to me what happens to me now. I'm on some Martin Luther King Jr. Shit but at least he got laid. Oh right. So yeah, I fuck the world. That's how I like to fuck. Back in the day, I don't know, nothing special I don't think. But that's not about the sex, it's about talking. It's about not being able to be honest. The problem was that I was completely degenerate and mean-spirited by the time I was in middle school and have never had a friend and shit, and so I've never actually connected with anyone because I was so fucked up in the beginning, and then I just read philosophy and watched porn and did drugs and got even more fucked up you know and so now I'm just so weird and monstrous that no one can really see me because it's grotesque yeah but it's also highly intellectually refined, beyond what I think you are offering at the moment. Or maybe you are simply more embodied you can't get over your hormones and eating and iron and being skinny really you are always trying to lose weight.

I accuse you of not wanting to meet me because you know I really love you and I want you to eat healthier. The people you keep around allow you to hurt yourself because they are not wise and you are

wasting your love on them and you know that and you don't even try to love anymore because you gave up and are a sad girl who no one ever cared about except me and I'm just too weird I'm too ashamed I'm too much I'm too open I'm too pussy I'm too chad what the fuck is it who knows you're too busy BEING DONE UPON to ever take any god damn initiative.

It's some fucking before the law shit, bitch. My door is wide open. I just GAVE YOU ALL MY MONEY I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU. And you want me to leave you alone? Fine? I will just whore myself out and build Pornotopia from scratch for you because you refuse to have anything to do with your own salvation, with the only person in the world who loves you. Sorry, is that delusional? Don't worry, I don't feel empowered to impose on you in any way except in MY INNER WORLD AND I AM TURNING MYSELF INSIDE OUT SO YOU CAN ALL SEE THE PART OF ME THAT'S DRIFTING OVER YOU. It's a fucking prolapse of all the bile I have saved up and I'm sorry DID YOU NOT KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU WERE DEALING WITH DID YOU NOT UNDERSTAND WHO THE FUCK YOU WERE TALKING TO AND THAT IS MY PROBLEM WHO TOLD YOU WHO TOLD YOU WHO TOLD YOU WHO TOLD YOU THAT SUCH THINGS ARE YOUR AFFAIR WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I TAMED THE LEVIATHAN.

So yeah I endeavor for it to be that when I'm done you'll be so heavy with my love you will fall straight through the god damn earth. Oh I'm sorry, is that not what you did to me? Here's my bowling ball dropping on your fucking face, eat it bitch like I ate your words and you just chalked it up to nothing, some flirtation gone to shit, gone to exploitation, gone to lies and gaslighting and mutual recrimination but don't worry it's sophisticated. The guy knew he was getting played the whole time so no one's life is in danger or anything. A wedding night you can't get it up for, but NO ONE EXPECTED YOU TO FUCK HER ANYWAY. Most especially including you. What am I doing with my hands, Peggy Sue?

Like I told you, my fetish is world history. And religions, and mysticism. Brahman. The Dreamtime. The One. Henosis. Sex as henosis. As part of Lila. The part of the intense playing with the illusion of incarnation. Coming together and cumming together. But half of this game is 90% mental as you know. I'm a man, I'm forty. And it's about not being wrapped up in the first-order game of it, these stupid ideas of what it's supposed to mean. Oh, you accept me, oh, maybe we'll have kids. Who cares. That is the future. What is the quality of the sexual contact in the moment? It is not to be procreative necessarily, but in the heterosexual situation to be in the company of the complementary pair within the procreative dyad game. To be with such a type of person and so on, with certain of those potentialities actualized in this situation regardless of whether the procreative capacity is used in reality.

The male and female, the yin and yang. Male and female really have nothing to do with yin and yang in my opinion. It's just a really obvious connection for us to make because it's an obvious manifestation of the number two. Or day/night, for example. I think waking/dream is a much better basis than male/female, though. I would say in this that again I am "transsexual," I am transdreaming. I am awake and dreaming at the same time. I overcome the distinction between being awake and dreaming.

Constantly talking about eroticism or ecstatic experience with the dick the pussy oh how cum smells and your bloody twat that's always hungry just like you are you rail thin waify melancholic bastard son of a thousand fathers and daughter to a mother who WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH. If I were in my power to punish those who've mistreated you I would, and I would suffer any punishment in return that anyone might levy against me, only to know that I had done my utmost to seek justice for you. I will not do anything of course because I know that you would not want me to and that is what is most important. That is, again, another drop in the bucket compared with my concerns to generate an

ideology of the future that can sustain life into the deep future and moreover obviate the stakes of incarnation which people are choosing to fully obviate incarnation itself over.

You said why are we white, because of boundaries. I agree. I think it's about setting the boundaries of incarnation. Eventually we will all merge and then re-start the process and etc., but it only happens in this easy way. You don't get assimilated, you get seduced. And when you get seduced you start seducing everything else, too. It is symbolic entanglement, enchantment, embeddedness as in the placental. Anyway what we are doing is guarding the boundaries of sensuous awareness. Because without the illusion of embodiment there is no experience. And experience is kind of nice. You hate experience, lol. Bitch what you do think everything is, lol. Take ten grams of shrooms and get back to me on that one bro.

Anyway, Bataille is writing to us, but he's wrong, lol. The world is based on continuity and we want as much discontinuity as possible. So the issue with us is we are obviously like the same person. If we met we would get along perfectly and we would literally end the world because by day four we would be writing and producing the most ridiculous world breaking content of all time. And you know that and I know that and we are trying to prolong this game, because we don't want to obviate incarnation just yet. So we are making it torture for each other to be apart, and we are making the distance between us beautiful. Oh I'm sorry am I an obsessive simp? Is that what you call founding a religion off someone? Don't worry, I pivoted to Grimes to set a smokescreen for you but anyone serious knows what this is really about.

So we would untie the illusion of incarnation too quickly. And that would be our fucking. The starting point would be that we already know all about these acts, the acts themselves are not interesting for us. We are interested in the look of the other. We are interested in a play-act that never ends, in the charade that is never broken on pain of death. The disciplining of desire and the martial coup which love implies in the heart of the other. You are demanding but you are not really compliant. You will play the submissive for men who are not intelligent enough to read your pokerface, who are, in a word, retarded. But I am not retarded, although I might be perverted. And I do not recognize your white middle upper who fucking cares classes aren't real sensibility about what I'm sorry A MAN ought to do or say bitch what do you know about being a man what do you know about actually wanting to PROTECT THE THINGS YOU CARE ABOUT INCLUDING FROM YOURSELF you selfish bitch you didn't do anything to protect me from you. Obviously all your hot topic tier edgelord shit turns me on, that's not a fucking warning. You know that in order to do unto others you have to, like, declare your true intentions and be upfront about shit right? That was a main way I showed respect to you LONG before I gave you a bunch of money. I think? I fucked it up I wanna replay starting at the week where I gave you five grand. You weren't grateful enough, I should have just given you more money but you were such a sporadic bitch. What the fuck did I do? Your nervousness cost us so much. And your STUPID FUCKING FRIENDS DO YOU THINK THEY'RE SMARTER THAN ME BECAUSE IF SO FUCK YOU AND THE RETARDED HORSE YOU RODE ON IN ON YOU STUPID FUCKING BITCH.

Yeah so if we fuck I'll tell you how I really feel. And the other, the other is this person to fuck, to enjoy being angry at. You are the ambassador to the world, and the world is dissatisfactory and always disappointed in me. It punishes me and I punish it. And we also love each other. I'm sorry is Brahman trauma bonded to itself? Is that unhealthy? Does the Dreamtime need to work on its boundaries? FUCK OFF PSYCHOANALYSIS BAUDRILLARD DESTROYED YOU IN 1979 if these cunts won't stop talking about needs I'ma NEED to just fucking dip into a federal penitentiary or something because you people are fucking stupid as shit and not ready to assume responsibility and yet want to bitch about



people who run shit because it's not good enough for you who wouldn't know because you don't actually care how shit works you just want to fetishize and commodify AKA BE DELUSIONAL AS FUCK just because you don't have negative capability or actually internalize what you read PASSING YOUR EYES OVER THE PAGE DOESN'T COUNT AS READING BAUDRILLARD YOU FAGGOT.

This letter really turned bitter, but then I am really mad at you. It's not really betrayal, I guess I knew you were a coward the whole time. And I'm still really grateful because you fucked me how I wanted to be fucked. The other girl, she made it okay how I felt about colonialism, this weird sense of gratitude for all time and space even as a white guy who does have ill gotten gains and shit, it's like no, the Indians get it, shit is complicated and we live in the Great Mystery and shit. It's not the way the white man says even when it comes to the white man.

And Grimes does well because unlike you she actually puts herself out there. I could have gone for Greta too, but she's even younger than you and Grimes just has that evil and very worldly quality that we have. Why don't you marry a billionaire? Ugh, because you'd have to have his kid. Just saying, I would never ask you to have a baby. You'd have to beg me to impregnate you LOL. Just like to fuck me. I decided that's a good standard for whether to fuck people. I can't be raping them if they beg to fuck me right? It's also great because that begging accomplishes like ninety percent of the point of fucking which is just to be good enough. So then I get to get people to beg me to fuck them and say no and maybe I'll just masturbate right in front of you and then wash my cum down the sink just to be withholding and look at me, getting off.

It's a funny part of the lila game, pretending you are a man getting "rejected" by women. Rejected like a body rejects an organ. I don't have problems with women, I have organs no one else has seen. I'm a medical marvel who is underappreciated in my own time. I am a body without organs, out in front of the burning door and I ain't got no home in this world anymore. I've been eating vegan kind of not really.

How do I like to fuck, not much to say. I like toe sucking. It feels so good. Fingers too but especially toes. I want you to give me a pedicure and then suck on my toes. And we should wash each other's feet with oil like in the bible. And then when my toe is really nice I could stick it in you, maybe you can suck my other toes at the same time. And I would like to kiss your back, feel your muscles flex and know that this is the seat of you. This is where you have been all this time. This is what all those meals you've agonized over, all those miles you've run and swum have brought you. Here, to this, to me. And I will hold you, hold your breast lazily. I will play with your nipple piercings and I will always want to suckle on you and you will laugh at me about it because I am such a boy. But you will have a friend whose nipples you suck and you will suck mine, too. And you will milk me in other ways and you will decide what to do with what it is I produce for you. You will have the fruits of your labor and I will do all the chores.

I've been practicing doing chores. I live at this hostel and I do a lot of dishes, and sweep. And I've been cooking, nothing fancy but you know, my love, I'm good at following instructions and I'm very coachable. My lap is responding to these words in a way it doesn't to my all-caps recriminations, for example. What it means that I want to be sweet to you. The context: who I am. Who you are. How fucked up we are as people. We found love that will tear us apart in a hopeless place. The goggles do nothing. We have all the organs for each other, but we will rearrange ourselves decisively to actually line up the angle to really be able to fuck. You would have to actually commit to something, not have the fantasy of a transaction or whatever your fucking psychological defense mechanism is to hold the

other behind the wall of “man” instead of actually TAKING HIM INSIDE YOU AS YOU ARE MEANT TO DO and that has ZERO NULL KOMMA NICHTS to do with PIV sex or us meeting or anything I am not ASKING YOU TO USE WORDS LIKE YES OR NO PLEASE UNDERSTAND ME I HAVE NO PLACE FOR YOU TO GO TO. But I won’t act like you haven’t been on my mind because I am no longer dishonest, or intimidated, or deterred in any way. But I actually do care for you and I don’t want to hurt you any more than is necessary for me to be myself. But I don’t need to see you or reach out to you directly or anything in order to do right by myself. But no one else gets to infringe on my freedom of religion either. And my religion is Sedna worship, Die Lilane Lila, Dreamtime, Mansa Musa-ism with Yin-Yang Characteristics, and Sophian Gnosticism. And I am the demi-urge and you are Sophia, and I am here to show you your place. If you don’t believe in yourself that is my fault. And all the fallenness of the world and the simple inadequacy of people is my fault.

I had to be dumb, I had to play it all out the way I did in order to meet you, and to have the experience I had on November 25 of last year. I don’t even remember the address you shared, don’t worry about it. Oh no is it even suspicious for me to mention like bitch again, I have declared war on the United States and assumed Fuhrership of Germany. If I tried to tried state lines probably some people would be on the fucking case is what I am saying and anyway I DON’T HAVE ANY MONEY LOL TO BUY GAS I CAN’T DRIVE MY CAR LOLOLOLOLOLOLOL so yeah literally don’t worry about it. At this point we’re just wondering what the fuck I’m going to do, because I can sell my car to stay here longer but not in time for the first of the month. Meanwhile I just can’t with my family anymore so I’m making this big gesture over there of not talking to them even though they’ve been bankrolling me. You know what, I don’t give a shit. Epictetus told me to safeguard my equanimity. I think I really will like turn myself in to the FBI or something, or maybe I can find a patron right quick. The problem is, who is ready to stick their neck out for me? Just because I am the most amazing writer, musician, and man of all time? But precisely what makes me so amazing, that I do let it all hang out unlike all your cowardly woman writers you like so much, is just what makes me unacceptable. That’s why you bitches don’t do this, you still want the male attention, that is, you still want to placate chuds. Because you have given up on ever meeting a man who is not a chud. Anyway you are all chuds yourselves, and I am a misanthrope or maybe some kind of messiah. Because if any of you people out there really care about loving love and living intensity and challenging norms then I challenge you to burn some important bridges because you all seem to me to be a bunch of bet-hedging ninnies who are so ashamed to stand in front of me that you will sit back and do nothing as your brother the person who really actually loves you and is fighting with all his soul for your advantage, you will let this person freeze in the wind because YOU ARE TOO SCARED or YOU CAN’T LET GO of the past or your expectations or your fantasy of HOW IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT FOR YOU FOR ME TO BE. These things all now fall into THE CATEGORY OF THINGS I DON’T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT and I will walk my lonely road until someone wants to nail theses to the door with me, make out at a protest with me, throw shit at the statehouse with me, curse out wack cops with me, occupy the forest with me, trade slurs with me, give me an n-word pass, talk baudrillard and fuck with me, iterate on Baudrillard and fuck on shrooms with me, forsake their stupid friends for me, be devoted to me and accept my devotion, sacrifice everything for us and then sacrifice “us” for ourselves and sacrifice “ourselves” for that oceanic feeling shit, take responsibility with me, dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free with me, lay down foundational operational concepts with me, found religions with me, create universes with me, accept responsibility for all iniquity with me, take on the world with me, found a global government with me, rule as co-emperor-empress with me, play consorts with me, be sovereign with me, be overman with me, be a woman with me, overcome gender with me, transcend sex with me, invent sex 2 with me, perfect culture with me, slap the world while fucking it with me, showing consitution transcorporeally as genital with no need to show or avoid what chuds call naked form with me, and speak in writing where we really, REALLY lose ourselves with me.